

# Minister's Discretion

by Tangerine-Alert

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Summary: It's been 15 years since the war. Since Harry Potter died. Hermione Granger is the Minister for Magic, divorced from her husband and Auror Ron Weasley. She's also in something of a secret relationship with Draco Malfoy.

## 1. Chapter 1

### \*\*Chapter 01\*\*

The Minister for Magic sat in her chair with a vaguely neutral expression as the man before her made a big and more to the point loud show of ranting about her newest reforms to stamp out corruption in the Ministry.

Supposedly she was destroying the hard fought rights of the old magical families to get what they wanted done fast and with as few checks as possible.

The man seemed to finally stop and look towards the door. The Minister waved her wand at it wordlessly; shutting and locking it against any spying.

"Tea Draco or do we want something stronger?" Hermione asked walking over to the fire where two comfy chairs sat.

"It's 10 in the morning Hermione!" The blond man exclaimed theatrically.

"Then I'll put a just a drop into our cups then," she commented idly as she sat down and waved her wand at the tea tray, floating it over to them.

"A splash then," Draco dropped elegantly into the chair opposite hers.

"Even after 6 years in this job the theatricality needed for it still gets to me," Hermione sighed splashing a dash of fire whisky into each cup with a spoon she had been given for such task by Viktor on a recent trade visit.

Draco remained seated and silent with a neutral expression.

"It's the theatricals that we have to go to to hide our relationship that really gets to me Draco," Hermione paused as Draco gave her a look. "Fine, I like the press not knowing what I'm up to."

Draco smiled a smug smile at her. "I was declared by the \_Prophet\_ to be one of wizarding's most eligible bachelors."

"While I'm still called the first \_divorced\_ muggle-born female Minister for Magic," Hermione blew on her tea gently.

Draco had an oddly amused expression on his face that he got whenever he was thinking of Hermione's ex-husband.

"You just like amusing yourself with Ron's current posting," Hermione teased.

"Unlike you, my parting continues to be pleasant, which reminds me, mother has asked if we would like to come for Christmas lunch to the manor," Draco offered.

Hermione appraised him. "What of your father?" After what had happened during the war she sometimes wondered how Draco continued to get on with his father, but it was simple. Family. It did not mean that she had to suffer his presence.

Draco shook his head. "Father will be travelling Siberia, cultivating his 'contacts'," Draco paused. "After I showed that a Malfoy could get divorced I believe they are trialling a period apart."

Hermione nodded and smirked. "Will my parents be allowed to come?"

Draco smirked at her back. "My mother encouraged me to ask. She thinks you're far too mature for me."

"I am the Minister for Magic Draco, I have to be mature." Hermione drained her cup of tea. "Come on Mr Malfoy," as she stood Draco also did so, taking her in a gentle embrace, their lips touched and Hermione felt a cool rush through her.

"Good day Minister," Draco said as they parted what felt like several minutes later.

"Good day Mr Malfoy," Hermione said waving her wand at the door and looked outside to her assistant. "How long till the next complaining representative?"

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Hermione looked over the information for the remembrances for next year. It was 15 years since the end of the second wizarding war. 15 years. So much had happened since then.

Turning away from her desk she looked around the room and walked over to a painting Luna Lovegood had given her some 10 years ago.

'Remember', was how it was titled.

She'd sometimes had the painting in one of the meeting rooms, then in the hall of remembrance and now in a corner of her office.

It was a painting of a lot of the people who they'd lost during the war.

Cedric Diggory, the first casualty was there, bold in his house colours.

Albus Dumbledore, his brother Aberforth, the former had died collecting horcruxes, the latter helping to defend Hogsmeade.

Horace Slughorn, Severus Snape and Sybil Trelawney all died protecting the students of Hogwarts. She'd need to attend a separate remembrance for them Hermione thought to herself.

Padma Patil, Cormac McLaggen, Cho Chang, Colin Creevey, Graham Pritchard, Terrence Higgins, Malcolm Baddock, Nigel Wolpert, Ernie MacMillian, Kevin Whitby, Romilda Vane, Dean Thomas and Adrian Pucey all died during the final year at Hogwarts, each one they'd known, worked with, fought side by side.

The final man to feature wasn't in the foreground, he was in the background, as he'd have wanted, not the star of the show, just someone who had to be there to end the war.

Harry Potter.

After the war it had all seemed to fall into place, at least somewhat. Hermione and Ron had been married, just like they'd planned, except, Harry was going to be there, and Harry and Ginny were meant to have been married before them.

She should have known there were going to be problems when she was nearly due with Rose.

Molly had showed up after she and Ron had had a 'discussion' about when she'd return to work.

\_'Of course you have to stay at home Hermione, I'm the wizard.'

—

Hermione had really thought at the time and after being married to the man for 2 years that she'd stomped all of that dragonshit out of him.

Molly had patiently talked to her, like she was a pet kneazle about when she was going to think about having another.

\_'I'll have this one before I think about any more children thank you Molly.'\_ She'd said and walked out of the Ministry reading room.

That was the first of many 'discussions' she'd had with the Weasley

matriarch about children. Hermione was at least relieved that she wasn't the only spouse of a Weasley child to get the "children interrogation" as Fleur referred to it as. Bill at least had told his mother where she could shove her ideas about children.

Hermione did wonder in the ensuing divorce if it was Molly's, not constant, but ever present nitpicking in her child raising that put paid to hers and Ron's relationship.

But no, as Luna liked to say it was her ex-husband's "wandering penis".

It had been just after Rose had turned three that she'd begun to have suspicions, Ron was hardly ever a subtle creature, it was why she had loved him so much in the beginning, his raw passion and intensity and his protective nature, which had only intensified after Harry's death.

Contraceptive potions didn't leave much residue, if you used them correctly, but Ron was always a bit of a messy eater, even it seemed with things like that.

She'd confronted him with it, and the surveillance she'd carried out on him, using skills she'd not used since the war.

At first he'd tried to accuse her of leaving Rose alone while she spied on him. Nymphadora and Remus had been happy to watch Rose for a few days, without asking what it was about. Nymphadora had later, when she and Ron were going through the process had said she should have asked her to help.

But as with the war, some things you had to do yourself.

It hadn't just been with Katie Bell, that's what Hermione had first thought. Katie and Ron had been getting involved in casual matches at the local Quidditch club. Hermione'd been happy for him. After the war he'd stepped away from it; Harry had always been his sparring partner.

But with some careful spying she'd seen where Ron had been putting his "wandering penis".

Then as she'd engaged solicitors, and Ron's messy affairs came out, "wandering" had been the right term. He'd tried to blame it on the women. "She's a quarter veela Hermione I couldn't-" He'd tried to say but was silenced by his lawyer.

Hermione didn't have any issues with Gabrielle. Gabrielle had been under the impression that Ron was 'on a relationship break', she had offered a pensieve memory to view of hers and Ron's discussion, though thankfully not the act, which had rather sealed it for her legal team.

They had started out with joint custody of Rose, 2 weeks with Hermione, 2 weeks with Ron. However Ron couldn't demonstrate a stable home life for Rose, despite his and his mother's protestations.

Hermione had hated to do it, but she had mentioned some of the times Molly had come to the Ministry to have a 'friendly talk' about with

her about having more children. Molly's name was down in the logs, people had seen her, the Ministry librarian had even overheard more than one of her 'friendly chats' with her.

After everything had settled Hermione'd managed to get her life back on course, onwards and upwards.

It was only much later on that she'd found out that Draco Malfoy and Astoria Greengrass had been going through a similar process, Malfoy even used the same solicitors as her. However their 'parting', Draco would never say something as gauche and direct as divorce was much more amicable.

Those two had just parted, Astoria wanted to go off and do bigger and better things without being tied to the Malfoy name and fortune. Draco didn't want to be tied to the Greengrass name and fortune, and he hadn't wanted to run off where Astoria was going.

So they'd parted, they'd had Scorpius together, and that was it.

So much simpler than hers and Ron's split, divorce and parting.

Especially as in the process of things he'd demanded that she leave the Ministry because 'I want to be head Auror one day'. That hadn't happened, in fact no one supported his demand of that. Even wizarding law which was slanted and some might claim corrupt, mostly, for the last 300 or so years was balanced in terms of divorce. It wasn't common, nor was it rare, it was just one of those things. One of those things that could get messy if you were an utter arse like Ron.

There was a knock on her door. Hermione looked to it, thankful of a distraction from her internal musings.

"Come in," she said waving her wand at the door allowing it to swing open.

The man who walked in was older than her, although there were plenty of those. He was also younger than a lot of the people under his command.

Which did annoy a lot of people when he'd first been appointed, but after Kingsley had left, but before she'd become Minister for Magic there's been something of a vacuum in the Department of Magical Law Enforcement, where there had seemed to be a round robin of people having a go at the job. It was in part of how she'd run to be Minister of Magic. Bringing some continuity, some solid leadership to the Ministry and cutting out a lot of the corruption to make the Ministry of Magic more efficient and start making more money for the Ministry.

"Peregrine." Hermione greeted.

"Minister," he said as the door swung shut.

Almost all discussions with Peregrine Derrick were behind closed doors. Almost everything they discussed was about security and the law of some description.

In fact outside of Ministry matters she didn't really speak with him, she didn't know his marital status, what he did on weekends, nothing. Nor did anyone else, Peregrine, Hermione thought liked it that way. The man had been an up and coming Quidditch player and had managed to get away from Hogwarts before things got "hot" (his words). He'd told her, though few others about where he'd been, out and about travelling throughout magical and muggle Europe. Playing some games for money, some for sport and sometimes doing the odd jobs. All sorts of jobs, it was this 'all sorts' that had attracted him to the new Ministry of Magic in Britain and eventually the top job in the Department of Magical Law Enforcement.

Hermione hadn't admitted to anyone that she liked the cool detachment that Peregrine brought to the job. Some still longed for the old days of the DMLE, where you could bribe an Auror, and a blind eye was cast to all manner of things. No more in her Ministry. Peregrine was paid well for his troubles, although she had admitted to him he could probably make more money taking bribes.

Peregrine had told her that it wasn't about the money, he was from a relatively well off family, he'd also made plenty of 'illicit cash' in Europe doing Merlin knew what. He wanted to make the Ministry and magical Britain better.

That's all she really wanted.

"Well, what dangers do we face for the coming months?" Hermione asked as Peregrine sat opposite her desk and passed her a scroll.

"The Pureblood Alliance has been rattling their chains about the old days." Peregrine smirked.

Hermione poured Peregrine a mug of tea. He had only told her once, mugs, not cups. She sighed. "Remind me, are these the old days when Voldemort was walking these halls or the old days further back?"

Peregrine shrugged. "Their philosophies are indistinct, there's the general dislike for you-"

Hermione shook her head. "I take that as a given Peregrine, I know that all of the time."

"With the anniversary there will probably be a few marches. I've got Nymphadora in under cover at some of their meetings just to keep an eye on things, we've also got one or two doubles who've donated hair for Aurors to use."

Hermione nodded, the Ministry potions masters had gotten a boost in her Ministry. There had been too much buying in potions because the various Departments liked to 'gift' them to their friends. Keeping it within the Ministry meant they could track everything, and it gave the students from Hogwarts something other than being an independent to aim for. "Good, that will give the potions masters something to do."

"Indeed, I've authorised Veritaseum to be used if we get something credible, memory modification at your discretion," Peregrine said with a tip of the head.

It was one of the more nasty sides of magical law enforcement that Hermione disliked, but it was a necessary element. Memory modification was something she had used on her own parents in the latter part of the war, when they'd gone hunting for the horcruxes.

It had kept them alive away from the horrors that had befallen some of her peers' muggle parents. She would do it again, if she needed to. Only Harry and Peregrine knew, the latter had worked it out because of her detailed knowledge of it. The former, like a lot of her secrets she had told. Not even Ron knew.

"The Knight Bus Gild has been threatening a strike," Peregrine paused as Hermione gave him a look. "Not usually my concern I know Minister, however at some of their previous strikes brawls have broken out. Magical Transportation has raised concerns of splinching and illegal portkey use during the remembrances."

"Any real dangers?" Hermione asked.

"Not likely, Percy's keeping on top of it all for now, but he wanted me to raise the issue." Peregrine said.

Percy Weasley had found himself a rather officious sort of role being the head of the Magical Transportation department. But like all departments in the Ministry there were plenty of lords and ladies who loved to slip into the Ministry to ask a favour. Percy seemed to relish not being able to help people. She had plenty of vials of memories that he'd extracted as proof, one day she might find a use for them. That she and Ron had divorced seemed not to affect their working relationship. 'I can compartmentalise Minister. I'm at work here. Whatever might have happened with you and my brother is for you and you alone.'

Hermione looked over the scroll and tapped her finger on one of the last in the list. "These people. The Fellowship for the Protection of Wizarding Culture."

"POC." Peregrine said simply.

"POC. I've heard of them, they've turned up in the back pages of the Prophet. Trying the rally against the little things. Enforcing taxes. Working more closely with the Confederation." Hermione sighed. "Mad things like that. From what I understand they want a return to corruption. I understand they even dislike the idea of spokespeople for old families, they think it to be a waste of time," Hermione commented thinking of Draco Malfoy.

"'A return to the verbose wizarding system of governance. A return to the golden age for witches and wizards.'" Peregrine quoted off of a notebook.

Hermione sniffed. "It sounds even more crackpot in your tone of voice Peregrine, have we got anyone looking into it?"

"Mostly outside associates," Peregrine said.

Hermione nodded, these weren't Aurors, they were 'friends of friends'. Trusted people who didn't want to work for the Ministry but would 'keep an eye on things'. The paperwork for such people was a

nightmare, but it was a little better than heresy.

"If Nymphadora can sneak into a meeting, if they have meetings, get her to do so." Hermione looked up to Peregrine who remained silent in an awkward way.

"I would prefer not to Minister, I have some reports than an associate of yours belongs to POC." Peregrine said.

"I have lots of associates Peregrine, some of them distinctly dislike me, so you will need to be more exact," Hermione leaned back into her chair, wondering with a vague sense of amusement who it was. "Someone who knows me and presumedly knows of Nymphadora's abilities."

Peregrine nodded, but didn't say anything.

"That means it's probably someone we worked with during the war, someone who knows enough to watch for Nymphadora's abilities, or someone who knows enough to catch her out," Hermione paused. "I know she's had further training Peregrine it is not a slight on your knowledge or abilities," Hermione was quick to point out.

"Of course not Minister," he said sipping his mug of tea.

"It wouldn't be the twins, they're too level minded, and too busy with their business empire to get into something like this. It's not Luna or Neville, they're both too busy." Hermione pondered aloud and then fixed Peregrine with a look. "It's Ginny isn't it?"

Peregrine smiled broadly. "Indeed Minister. Ginny Weasley has been witnessed involved with POC."

"And you don't want Nymphadora in there, just in case Ginny notices. A pity she isn't in the Ministry then I could have sent her off to be in charge of an outreach office." Hermione commented in a humour filled tone.

Peregrine chuckled.

Not that she had anything to do with Ron's posting to the Orkney Islands. That was down to his hard work, and irritating Peregrine no end. All reports said he was actually doing quite well. Peregrine had visited and she'd even visited him and his staff of two there last year. It had been somewhat awkward, but the isolation and responsibility had been good for him, for both of them really.

"Do what you think is best Peregrine, they're unknown I want more information about them. Ginny was always a bit of a troublemaker." She trailed off.

"Should I organise a psychological profile of her and anyone else we identify?" Peregrine asked.

The word practically had italics, the way he said it Hermione thought to herself. It was one of the more controversial elements that she'd introduced to the Department of Magical Law Enforcement. Muggles who were part of magical families, or Muggle-borns who'd gone on to do some sort of psychology degree in the muggle world, providing insights to people in the magical world. They were employed by the



Ministry on a contractual basis and everything they did was under a complicated magical and legal contracts. But sometimes you needed to get insight a person's head, without resorting the magic.

"If you think it'll return results. You know what I think of her." Hermione gave him a look. Ginny had been obsessed with Harry, borderline obsessive, Harry's death had 'messed her up a little bit' as Luna had said more than once. Ginny had gone around blaming everyone for his death. Harry knew that his death was a possibility and told everyone including Ginny quite clearly he knew that.

Ginny had even tried to stop Harry's will from being carried out.

"Get one Peregrine," Hermione looked to him. "Insight into her, if she's involved and what she might be up to in the lead up the anniversary will be useful, she's continued to be something of a loose canon. I don't want there to be any problems at the anniversary events."

"Understood Minister." Peregrine said simply.

Hermione looked over the other groups listed on the scrolls and looked across at Peregrine. "There's still a group that wants the return of Dementors?"

"I can round them up and give them an intimate inspection of the guillotine if you wish." Peregrine commented darkly.

Hermione exhaled. The Dementors had abandoned the Ministry during the early days of the war, siding with Voldemort, they'd been instrumental in the first and second fall of Gringotts, they'd lead Voldemort's Massacre of Godric's Hollow. Her predecessor Rufus Scrimgeour had some difficulties rounding them up and 'disposing' of them. Mostly into the Veil.

That object and the Peregrine's mention of the guillotine was how the wizarding world now dealt with its most hardened criminal. It was a facet of the wizarding world and governance that Hermione disliked. It was one of many nasty realities she had to face when she became Minister. Reforming the justice system took time and even when she'd taken over there had still been something of a backlog of prisoners waiting for the 'new kiss' as some of them called it. The kiss of steel or the kiss of darkness, as others referred to the Ministry's new means of death; guillotine or veil.

Hermione gave him a look. "Please Peregrine. You've included them, I presume you want my authority to spy on them."

"Monitor them Minister," Peregrine said simply.

Hermione sighed. "Very well, for the anniversary I've collected some extra money, we need to make sure our world and where it intersects with the muggles' is safe. But not too long on the crackpots."

"I have already filtered out the crackpots Minister, these are the ones who may pose a threat," Peregrine commented.

Hermione nodded. "Well then Peregrine you and I and the rest of the Ministry will have our work cut out for us in the coming months. I

want to make sure nothing comes out of the woodwork, come May next year."

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They were sat in the back booth of a small New-Europe-Russian fusion restaurant that was near where she lived and easily apparated to by Draco. It was also not remotely near anything magical. Although there was nothing wrong with anyone seeing them eating together, it was the other more intimate gestures that some may make noises about.

For now Hermione enjoyed her secret relationship with Draco Malfoy.

A concept that her Hogwarts self probably would have balked and proceeded to question her sanity for.

But that was then, in Hogwarts she'd been full of ideals and Draco Malfoy had been full of himself.

Now, she was still concerned with ideals, time and experience had tempered them, as those and many other factors had tempered the man who sat before her.

Less demanding than her ex-husband, more mature. Funnier.

Also they'd both acknowledged what they didn't want.

Mostly, marriage. They both had similarly aged children.

They were both divorced.

However Draco was on much friendlier terms with his ex than she was.

"You seem in deep thought Hermione," Draco said as he poured her another glass, he'd brought the wine, the restaurant allowed it, but they usually had a shot of their house vodka to start the meal whenever they came in. Even if it was for breakfast, it went surprisingly well.

"Just still marvelling at the incongruity of you and I Draco Malfoy," Hermione sipped her wine. "Thinking on the past, if the girl I was could see me now," she finished.

Draco snorted. "I'm annoyed that I allowed my father to influence me so much, and remain thankful of my mother for being so influential."

Hermione knew he was thinking of the Dark Mark that his father had wanted him to take, it was one of the primary reasons Narcissa and Draco had asked for the Order's help in hiding.

Harry had, much to her annoyance at the time supported it. She suspected that had intensified the mistrust between Harry and Ron, Ron had mentioned it during the hunt for the horcruxes and shouted it when he'd abandoned them. Harry had been unconscious at that point, not that Ron had noticed.

He had been apologetic afterwards, and had helped them find one of

the remaining horcruxes as a result of absconding from the hunt.

Ron's wandering and possibly duplicitous nature was one of the things she considered during their divorce, but ultimately did not bring up.

"You are a powerful, intelligent woman Hermione," Draco sipped his wine. "I'm glad we crossed paths," he smiled in a devious way. "And continue to do so."

Hermione laughed. "Indeed Draco. It's a highlight on my calendar."

Draco snorted into his wine. "I think we can do better than to be a scheduled intervention."

Hermione smiled. "Yes, we can't become predictable. We've both tried that."

Draco nodded. "Joy from that predictable path of course," seemingly thinking of his son.

Hermione nodded thinking of Rose. "Of course," she paused as their food arrived. It was set down wordlessly by the somewhat surly waiter, it was part of the reason why they both liked this restaurant. In both their lives there was a pretence of civility, for their position or status. It was refreshing, Draco had said to go to establishments where neither counted towards them.

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"My parents announced they're taking a trip through Australia for Christmas and the New Year," Hermione said as they finished off their dessert.

Draco seemed interested though not surprised. "Indeed, my mother has suggested she might like to accompany some of her friends down to Italy for the Christmas festivities."

"Terribly gauche isn't it, cancelling on the Minister for Magic?" Hermione teased.

"She informed me, Hermione I was to have an intimate Christmas with whomever I please," he smiled playfully at her.

Hermione tilted her head. "I was thinking something a little more down to Earth."

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"Your muggle friends?" Draco asked.

"My university friends Draco, muggle-borns or muggles from magical families that I met at university, they've wanted to get together for a Christmas get together, as Rose is remaining at Hogwarts, I thought it might be nice," she gave him a look. "I hadn't formerly accepted yours or your mother's offer." Hermione paused looking into the blond man's eyes. "Do you really want to spend Christmas in your huge manor house? You could take a holiday away in the Greater London area with

me," she offered playfully.

Draco seemed to play with the idea with a brief smirk. "I will have to inform my mother that the Minister for Magic has declined her offer of Christmas at Malfoy Manor."

"How terribly uncultured of the Minister." Hermione teased.

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Hermione Granger, Minister for Magic stood looking out her kitchen window out into the garden at the rear of her property. It was a little further out than the Greater London area, though it wasn't as though she had to commute, not like a muggle.

The house had been a shock, to those who came to connect the floo. Later when she'd become Minister for Magic Peregrine had found it amusing when he'd done a security assessment of the area for her.

It was quite muggle, there were one or two muggle-born wizarding families around the area. But there was no local shop that stocked potions ingredients.

Her property was a genuine 1960s property, modernist, full of odd 1960s touches. There was lots of light, lots of wood, and nothing like most of the houses in the area.

She'd told the agent when she'd been looking she didn't want something ancient, or even old. She had enough of that in her work.

She'd had enough of that when she'd been married, Ron had wanted 'a big old building for a big family'. She'd put her foot down at buying a big old magical property. Like the Burrow. But she had acquiesced when Ron had found a fabulous old converted pub.

But for herself and Rose, when she and Ron had properly separated and divorced she wanted something different, something for herself.

When Rose had come back from Hogwarts her first year she properly understood why her mum had wanted something so new. New compared to the wizarding world.

"I still forget you don't have any house elves," said a man's voice as he padded along the wooden floors.

Turning she saw he was dressed in a calm grey dressing gown, as he wrapped himself around her she relaxed, he felt warm, and had either just got out of the shower or had cast a warming charm. She guessed the former, his hair was still slightly damp.

"You've never stuck around long enough to worry Draco," Hermione teased. "I try not to think about house elves."

"Your house elf liberation." Draco shook his head as Hermione twisted around to kiss him.

"Don't remind me, this is my holiday time. Go on get dressed, I'll put the kettle on," she said giving him a hard look.

"Or, we could return to bed Hermione, this is our holiday. I've decamped to the suburbs," he wrinkled his nose. "Abandoned my manor."

Hermione smirked. "You're being the passionate Malfoy, following your lover to her abode."

"How poetic Granger," he smirked using his old nickname for her. "Very well Hermione, I'll go dress."

"Not that I don't appreciate it," she called at his back. "But some decorum Draco."

"Very well Hermione, as I am your guest," Draco called out in an amused tone as he walked away back to her spare bedroom where he'd left his expanding trunk. There was also a bed in said spare bedroom, but he had and would spend every night while he was here in her bed.

Hermione shook her head and turned away to put the kettle on and cut some of yesterday's bread.

"I would think that many witches and wizards would find it unseemly, for a Minister for Magic to be making their own breakfast." Draco waltzed back into her kitchen, looking around him in some amusement.

It was true in the few years of what she thought of as her casual 'relationship' with Draco Malfoy they did not spend a lot of time doing 'domestic' type of things.

"I don't care Draco," Hermione said in a challenging tone. "I, as you say am the Minister for Magic. I can live my life however I want no matter what-" she almost said the POC say, but stopped herself. "No matter what some wizards or witches say."

"So, Minister," Draco smirked at her as he took his bread on a plate and looked around theatrically, "what should I do to toast my bread?"

Hermione pointed at the toaster. "Toast in there, dial for time spent in toaster. Lever on the side. I'm sure even someone as regal as yourself can manage that."

Draco sighed dramatically. "Very well Hermione. If I must do things for myself."

"Yes Draco, you must, later we might even go out shopping where I'll make you go into a muggle food shop." Hermione teased.

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Hermione looked along the man she was sharing a bed with. The two of them couldn't be more contrasting and different.

Draco Malfoy was so unbelievably pale, it was quite something. Lying in bed there was still tension in him, caution even in sleep, even if he put up a show of casualness in his waking moments, underneath he was still tense. His scars, unlike hers stretched back before the

war.

Her scars were all over her body. Most from the final years of the war, and a lot the final battles of that war.

She wasn't just the only the first muggle-born, divorced Minister for Magic. She was also one a handful of Ministers of Magic who had fought in a magical war, fought battles against wizards and witches. She had used Gryffindor's sword against a werewolf. She had been stabbed by Draco's aunt no less. Bellatrix Lestrange.

She had killed Walden MacNair in an unfair duel; she'd dropped a bridge on him. Sometimes reminiscing about the war that moment still made her smile. Hermione still wasn't sure why or if she should feel guilty about it.

The war had brought out a lot of horrible things, nightmarish things.

And it had been such a relief when it was over, she'd grabbed at some normality, somethingâ€|\_good\_ to grab on to.

"You look happy about something Hermione," Draco said looking up at her.

"Thinking about the war Draco," Hermione said.

"Perfect Christmas thoughts Granger," he shuffled over to her to kiss her. "Merry Christmas Hermione Granger."

"Merry Christmas, Draco Malfoy," she said returning his kiss.

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Hermione was many things, one of the most powerful people in the wizarding world amongst them, but she wasn't a great dessert cook.

Being a daughter of dentists had not exactly fostered a fantastic desire for the sweeter things in food. Well, not to cook them herself.

So Draco had popped to his manor, or rather he'd walked to the back of her property, out the steel fence which looked liked a wooden fence and then down to the muddy lane near the river outside of the extensive wards then he would have disappeared.

Obviously he wouldn't be making the Christmas pudding, one of his house elves would be.

There'd be a small group of them this afternoon. three of her friends from university. They were all knowledgable about the wizarding world, two were muggle-borns like herself and one was from a wizarding family. Their partners were all muggle-borns, though none of them worked in the Ministry, mostly outside entities.

It had been a relief, when she'd decided to go to university and also work at the Ministry that she'd found university club for magical people attending university. Not many though.

It was one of the things she'd wanted to change at the Ministry, witches and wizards studying in the muggle world could enhance the magical world.

But it had been slow going.

But at least it had more success than her house elf liberation movement. Which, while she'd still been passionate when she'd finished Hogwarts, now that she was Minister she had a much better perspective on things. It was additionally very hard to bring something in which absolutely no one wanted. She had tried to find anyone who shared her position and failed. She had needed to be pragmatic and move forward with more important things.

Hermione smiled as she saw Draco walking up through the back garden holden a pudding-shaped vessel.

Draco had at first been somewhat concerned about meeting her friends, considering their relationship was, perhaps not secret but certainly not announced.

She had assured him, they all knew the drill. Personal lives inside the house, outside and away nothing was spilled.

Her friends worked in law firms, publishing, banking alternatives (much to the annoyance of Gringott's) and their partners also were in information sensitive industries.

As Minister for Magic, she didn't just have to be knowledgeable of such things in her professional life, but also her personal life. Previous Ministers forgot that.

Not her predecessor though. But certainly Fudge and back before him. Although Fudge was a particularly black mark on the Ministry, quite a dark stain. Someone, like a lot of things in the Ministry everyone thought was best left forgotten, but like many things you needed to remember it lest you repeat it.

"You have a look of concern Hermione," he said as he came in.

"Just thinking on the past," she said as he placed the pudding vessel down on the bench top and she wrapped him in a passionate embrace.

"I should go out more often if you greet me like this Hermione," he commented.

"Just enjoying our time together unencumbered Draco," she said kissing him again.

â€"/ â€" \\\-

\_A/N:\_

\_Romance has never been something I've really been attracted to writing. I've written it occasionally, but have never gone all out.\_

\_But I do like to challenge myself and wrote and edited this story over the course of 5 days. It's still a fairly short story (just two

chapters). It's more brief glimpse rather than a detailed story.\_

\_I've not read much 'Dramione', if any, if I did it was a long time ago. \_

\_They're not the easiest two people to pair up. \_

\_Obviously this is a little bit AU and I've had to change a few things in order to get Draco into Hermione's bed, and vice versa.

\_

\_I knew it couldn't be a Hogwarts-era story, well not without changing a lot of things (which I guess I'm doing anyway). But a post-Hogwarts with some experience under their belts, I thought seemed plausible.\_

\_The war still happened, but it was more vicious in parts, while some people escaped (Remus and Nymphadora), others didn't (Harry).

\_

\_There was a scene where featuring Hermione, Draco and others sitting around eating a Christmas meal, but as I came to write it I just thought 'this just isn't contributing anything'. So I didn't end up writing it, which is why the chapter comes right up to where that meal might occur. \_

\_Just imagine a group of them talking about the wizarding finance while drinking fine wines. \_

\_Thanks for reading.\_

## 2. Chapter 2

**\*\*Chapter 02\*\***

It was the new year, the official 15th year since the war ended.

Hermione Granger had very much enjoyed her week or so break from the Ministry with a man, publicly at least they had a 'verbose sparring match' whenever they encountered one another. Draco looking after the old magical families that were worried about not being able to pay off people in the Ministry. Which he believed in somewhat, though acknowledged he'd mostly fallen into it by being one of the more powerful families to survive the war.

Now she was being roughly awoken by a whistling. The sound of her floo, or rather the relay from the floo in the cellar going off.

Pulling herself out of bed and out of the arms of her lover she slipped into her study and took the lid off the floo relay.

"Susan, what is it, six in the morning?" Hermione asked of Susan Bones, she was deputy Minister for Magic and acting Minister while she was on holiday. Susan also oversaw the Department of Magical Education, something that after the war everyone acknowledged was a department that needed more attention. It was also somewhere Hermione



had focussed her attentions following the war and while she'd been pregnant with Rose.

\_"There's been an incident. A death and a murder."\_ Susan was saying.

Hermione swore. "Where and how?"

\_"Escaped prisoner, tried to get far north to the Faroe Islands. Was turned back by their border patrol wizards."\_

Hermione exhaled again. "It's in Ron's patch up in the Orkney Islands then?"

\_"Yes. Peregrine's already gone up to secure the scene and begin the investigation. I've called Percy Weasley in."\_

"Percy?" Hermione asked.

\_"To manage the transport up there. He's suggested getting the house elves and wizard on standby there to start the floo relay station thorough cleaning procedure\_."

"Which will put everything back and only allow urgent travel," Hermione smiled broadly at the small fire pot that showed Susan's face. "Remind me to praise Percy when I return."

\_"He's also put a restriction on Knight Bus travel that far north. The Knight Bus Gild won't like it, but he's assured me he'll make them understand\_."

"Very good Susan, I'll get up there as soon as possible." Hermione said as she mentally decided what to wear and what to throw into a bag.

\_"Do you need an escort Minister?" Susan asked in a tone that suggested she knew the answer.

"No." Hermione said flatly. "Peregrine will no doubt be expecting that I'll want to come up. No comment to anyone Susan till I've spoken with Peregrine and Ron."

\_"Understood Minister.\_"

-/

"Trouble?" Draco was sat up in bed when she came back into the room.

"Yes." Hermione said shortly. "Problems I need to deal with."

"I'll dress and depart when you do so," he said rising out of the bed.

"You don'tâ€¦" Hermione began.

Draco turned around seemingly managed to half dress in the process "I am still a guest in your house Hermione, I would not presume to be left alone without you here."

Hermione smiled broadly as she walked past him into her walk in wardrobe. "How did we find one another Draco, so understanding?"

"We both got divorced from our childhood lovers Hermione. Mature and worldly knowing," he said from outside the walk in wardrobe.

Hermione laughed as she dressed for the cold Orkney Islands. Throwing in some other items of clothing into one of her expanding bags. They were something she'd not shared with many people. There were expanding bags you could create yourself, but hers were hardy and tested during the war.

Looking around the cupboard she reached around one of the drawers and pulled out a light slipper cloak and weighed it in her hand.

It was Harry's invisibility cloak. According to some the only surviving of the deathly hallows. Luna had once said her father had been a follower, had Xenophilius survived the war she'd have liked to speak with him concerning it.

Ron had exclaimed quite vocally at Harry's will reading when it had been announced that it had been left to her, though she had let him borrow it on countless occasions, when they'd been married.

She stuffed it into her expanding bag, just in case.

Stepping out of the wardrobe she found Draco finishing packing up his trunk. Walking past him she gestured her wand at the cellar whispering for a book.

The apparition survey book for northern Scotland including the Orkney Islands.

There were countless complicated areas in that part of the world. Not just Hogwarts but various family estates and other naturally occurring problem areas.

The Orkneys were small and complicated and anyone who wanted to apparate somewhere away from the main wizarding areas needed a book of survey maps.

"Going somewhere interesting?" Draco asked as the book flew into her hand.

"I hope not, but know that's not the case." Hermione admitted putting the book down and embracing the man kissing him. "We'll meet later?"

Draco nodded. "I enjoyed this Hermione, even if you made me live a \_muggle\_ lifestyle for a week," he wrinkled his nose in mock disgust.

"Now you can dazzle all your friends." Hermione teased.

"Yes, all my friends who live in muggle houses," he said as he walked over to the rear door of the house and bade her farewell.

â€" \_/ â€" \ \ - \_

Hermione Granger paused, as she apparated into Finstown, a short distance away from the Ministry of Magic outreach office for the Orkney Islands. It also technically covered the Shetland Islands as well, but there weren't any permanent magical residences there.

She was under the invisibility cloak. She still thought of it as Harry's and her's. She intended to pass it onto Rose at some point probably in her will. She still had a lot of use for it in her working life. Unlike herself, Harry and Ron Rose did not need to be sneaking around the corridors of Hogwarts. The castle's dark secrets had been vanquished by them and the resulting surveys of the castle following the war. She was pleased she'd pushed her various supervisors to look into it. It was well and fine to be an ancient castle of learning, but during her time at Hogwarts there were things that just should not have happened where children were expected to get an education. It was during that time she'd re-met Susan in a work setting.

Looking around her, she'd been here a few times in the last couple of years, she couldn't just dump an up-and-coming Auror as far from London as you could go and just expect no one to notice.

Ron and his two associates had done excellent work, and she had been intending to promote him away from the Orkneys, if he so desired. Reports were he was enjoying himself being the only official for several hundred miles. She had meant to discuss it more with Peregrine, but various other things had got in the way.

Knowing Peregrine he was probably working on it behind the scenes regardless.

The outreach office backed onto The Ouse. The building used to look like a bit of a wasteland, but had been rebuilt, without the usual protections against muggles seeing it that other Ministry sites adopted.

The Statute of Secrecy, she understood was a little more lax here. Small populations, everyone didn't necessarily know everyone, but they certainly recognised outsiders.

Looking around she saw Peregrine walking out of the building over to where she was stood.

"How did you know I was standing here Peregrine?" Hermione asked once he was stood beside her.

"I can't reveal all my knowledge Minister," he smiled. "Though there is a depression in the grass where you're stood."

"Which only helps once you're stood beside me," Hermione countered as she crouched down and pulled off the cloak; stuffing it into her expanding bag. "Well, you'd better brief me," she said standing up.

-/

The man who'd been murdered wasn't a local, Ron had said that was fortunate. Murders by magical elements, not just witches or wizards but beasts or even mis-used potions had a tendency to cascade in small communities.

The people who'd found the man already had their memories modified of finding him.

"Make sure anyone who he was staying with has their memories modified as well," Hermione ordered.

"A subtle modification, he was a transitive individual, I will ensure a plausible fiction will be crafted." Peregrine commented.

"We've got some experience with that sir," Ron started and looked to Hermione. "Or we can wait for someone from London."

"You're the expert here Weasley," Peregrine said casually.

The other man, the escaped prisoner had been held at a Ministry detention facility. After the war and Azkaban's destruction the Ministry had moved to other sea forts that the British government no longer used. Warding and protecting them in the sea was easier and stronger than on land. But some people were still held on land before their case went before the courts.

The man was Albert Runcorn.

He'd escaped wizarding Britain at the end of the war and had gone on the run through innumerable countries in the past few years.

He was wanted for his participation in Voldemort's ministry during the war and for his actions that lead to the death of Dirk Creswell, his partner the five muggles that were under his protection.

It had taken some time to find and extradite him, and from all reports, muggle and magical he had been dying from exposure to the by-products of the creation of certain potion ingredients when captured.

"I want a full autopsy on Runcorn's body. Get our medical experts up from London Peregrine. None of this is to get out. Ron, you're the expert here, find out everything about how he came to be here," Hermione paused. "I'll get in touch with International Cooperation and we'll see what was in the Faroe Islands and what he looked like when he was turned back, in his condition he shouldn't have been able to fly a broom."

-/

Hermione could have apparated back home to stay the night, but had elected to remain in the Orkneys until the autopsy had been completed and the investigation was properly underway. She also wanted to meet with the Faroese Magical Minister to assure him that she was here and personally looking into this. Fudge had done poorly with their immediate magical neighbours during his ministership.

But from all reports Ron and his associates had done a small part in smoothing over those past issues.

They'd even held a Quidditch match in the waters between the Shetland and Faroe Islands, it was all very much not approved by either ministry, but had gone a small way to building bridges.

Hermione looked up from her diary at a knock on the door.

"Are you decent, uh Minister?" Ron's voice came through the door.

Hermione smiled in slight amusement. "Yes, Ron."

The door opened. "I've made a pot of hot chocolate if you'd like toâ€¦"

Hermione nodded, slipping the diary into her coat. The muggle autopsy expert and healer would be up in the morning by portkey. Peregrine was out with one of Ron's off-siders investigating and modifying a few memories.

"You've done excellent work here Ron. I'm sorry my praise comes in such unfortunate circumstances." Hermione said as Ron ladled a cup of hot chocolate out of a pot and handed it to her.

"Thanks Minister," Ron said ladling himself a cup.

"I think as it's just us two you can call me Hermione Ron," she said blowing the mug and feeling the steam around her fingers.

"Not sure if that's proper, we've not really spoken like this for a whileâ€¦" Hermione," he looked at her smiling awkwardly.

"Time passes. I hope we mellow Ron. Especially this year, I wouldn't want us to be at odds." Hermione looked to her ex-husband.

Ron was shaking his head. "No." He exhaled. "I enjoy it up here Hermione. Really."

"Not just being the lord of the manor?" She asked in a curious tone.

Ron shook his head. "Nah, it's like, it's like being on an adventure, like not being able to pop anywhere. Well most people don't like to."

"No like us." Hermione smiled. That was one thing about the war, she and most of her peers had learnt to apparate early. Earlier than most, it fostered a hardier apparating method. Less exhausting over long distances. From London all the way up here, many wizards usually stopped in Glasgow or Inverness for a drink or a bite to eat. Or they came by portkey.

"Don't tell anyone but I was going to offer you the chance to return to mainland Britain," she began in a conspiratorial tone watching his face. "But it's clear to me now you've really made something of it here."

Ron looked surprised at her and nodded. "Yes Hermione, I have, I think I really like it here. But I'll follow my head of department and Minister's orders."

"After the anniversary and memorials, later in the year we might look at a little more funding here, and maybe more staff," Hermione sipped the mug of cocoa. "Peregrine has kept me informed that your associates are learning good things up here."

"Pity it's a murder that's brought you up here." Ron mumbled.

"I've been up a few times, more so than some other locations Ron," she countered.

Ron looked up surprised, seemingly worried he'd been so honest. Hermione kept her expression neutral.

"Rose says she's doing well at school, tried out for the Quidditch team again." Ron offered, changing tone.

Hermione nodded, when they had lived together they'd tried to have Rose interested in everything. She was glad that Rose was more adept with a broom than she was. When she'd continue to visit her father she'd play more on a broom than when she was with her.

"We'll be able to see her at the anniversary at Hogwarts," she said. "I'll tell her you'll be coming, I need to be there for several of them."

"For the teachers, the battleâ€¦" Ron trailed off.

Hermione nodded, there had been many battles, fights and other things throughout the war. It had all ended at Hogwarts with the death of their enemy and their friend.

â€" / â€" \ \-

Hermione Granger walked solemnly through the garden towards a medium sized oak tree. It was planted by Harry Potter, the first and only memorial he planted himself for the teenager, the man who was commemorated here. His body was buried elsewhere.

But Harry had wanted somewhere for him, for Cedric Diggory to be remembered. The first casualty in the war.

He said something similar near the end of their hunt for the horcruxes, looking back, Hermione thought Harry knew the final encounter might end his life.

There were flowers around the tree; other people paying their respects.

She hadn't told anyone in the press or anything tasteless like that, that she was coming here. Not like her predecessor, who liked to curry favour with the press. There would be plenty of time for speeches at the Hogwarts memorial and the war anniversary later in May.

But for now, here she stood. Not on the day Cedric died, just a day, that was set aside to remember him.

She never knew what to say, Harry had returned her once during the war, that last time. That was the day she chose to come back, to honour Harry's decision that even during the war to return here and to honour Cedric Diggory. The wizard Harry thought they should remember. No him.

â€" / â€" \ \-

Remembering the professors who had fallen at Hogwarts was a less somber affair. Dumbledore had wanted to be remembered with a celebration and that of the learning institution.

It was one of the crimes of the war that several of the portraits of the former headmasters including Dumbledore had been lost in the battles that happened within Hogwarts.

Minister for Magic Hermione Granger and several of the department heads would be taking a class or five during this time of remembrance at Hogwarts.

But this first night was a celebration and remembrance for those who had known Albus Dumbledore, Severus Snape, Horace Slughorn and Sybil Trelawney.

Hermione sipped her Champagne as she made her way around the crowd until she found herself on the edge able to look around at everyone. There were people inside the Great Hall, outside in the courtyard and milling around.

She fancied there were some strong charms placed around the houses to make sure they didn't disturb the sleeping students.

"I hear you're making Draco happy," said a voice beside her.

Hermione didn't jump, she did, even after so many years since the war have to fight the instinct to fire a spell at the voice.

"Mr Malfoy and I spar verbally on many occasion." Hermione said simply as she sipped her Champagne. "Astoria Greengrass," Hermione finally said in greeting.

"Minister Granger," she smiled gleefully at her.

"I've heard from my departments that your business interests are reaping rewards from the rising trade with Oceania." Hermione asked of Astoria Greengrass.

"Indeed Minister, your reforms have made running a business much easier. Taxes are predictable, bribes are not. My sister and I predict a 30 percent increase in trade for our business."

Hermione was impressed and said so. "I'm surprised, I may have to get you to come and say that the next time I'm faced with-"

"My ex-husband?" She wagged her eyebrows suggestively at her.

"The louder minority. Mr Malfoy's demands should be easy enough to deal with," Hermione answered.

Astoria laughed. "Of course, Minister, of course." And with that she wandered off.

Much later when much finger food and drinks had been consumed Hermione found herself wandering the corridors of Hogwarts.

Thinking on the scars it still bore from the battles waged, and of

the memories she had of it.

She found herself after some wandering up on the balcony of the astronomy tower, surveying the landscape around Hogwarts. What things had remained the same, what things had changed and what things had changed because of the war.

â€"/ â€" \-

Hermione Granger, British Minister for Magic stood at the podium looking out at everyone in attendance, they were sat near the lake.

A small distance from them was the permanently blackened ground. Where the final fight took place between Harry James Potter and Tom Marvolo Riddle.

The fight, what some might romantically call a duel, ended the lives of both combatants and ended the war.

Hermione had mostly finished commemorating everyone who fought, but had reserved something for the end, something which she had run past Cedric's parents, because it concerned him. "Harry once told me," she paused. "When we were nearing the end of the search for the horcruxes," she explained for context. "That he didn't want his name held up as something. He never wanted that. It was a surprise, when he came to the wizarding world, that he'd had such an affect, by surviving, and his parents dying," she paused again. "Harry said, with this war he knew going into it, the search, what it would entail, he knew," Hermione paused again. "he told me to remember Cedric Diggory." Hermione paused again. "Cedric didn't go into the war, he didn't even know there was one. None of us knew then. Harry didn't want Cedric to be forgotten. Cedric Diggory was the first casualty of the war." She paused again. "I would now ask for a minute's silence. To remember all those who lost their lives in the war, those who were injured and those who will never return." She nodded over the other side of the group and a bell rang out.

Hermione took the chance, during the silent contemplation to look around the group and to look to the edges where there were Aurors carefully placed. Peregrine was standing nearby her. But the others were on the look out for POC or any other group that might try and storm this gathering of diplomats, Ministry employees, survivors and students. Peregrine and his department had rounded up a lot of the members of POC and other groups like it in the past months. Although Ginny was suspicious by her absence from all the POC meetings and he usual hang outs. The Aurors noticed Hermione looking and gave the slight signal of 'no problems', it wasn't anything as noticeable as a shake of the head, just shift in how they were standing or something like that.

She was a Minister that didn't need overt directions or indications from those around her. She'd been in a war, she knew what to look out for.

-/

Hermione Granger had to admit, she hadn't been expecting this.



"You're sopping wet," she said calmly as Ginny Weasley jabbed her wand into her throat.

"You're a traitor to wizarding Hermione Granger," she grunted.

"Minister Granger." Hermione idly corrected.

The guests for the anniversary had been moved back, but they were all well within ear shot of Ms Ginny Weasley.

"Hermione Granger. I say again you're a traitor to wizarding culture." Ginny said again.

Hermione thought back to the psychological profile that had been done of Ginny Weasley and the rest of her group. Delusional, psychotic episodes. Blamed Hermione for her brother's assignment to the Orkney Islands. Her injuries in the war and her possession by Voldemort meant she had trouble apparating the distance in one go.

It recommended immediate sanctioning to a psychiatric facility.

If they'd been able to find her that's what she would have done.

"You must have been under the lake for a while, at least a week." Hermione commented idly, annoyed that Ginny had made her throw away her wand. Peregrine she'd seen had picked it up. She wasn't scared, not of Ginny, she had faced far more intimidating people during the war and this wasn't the first time she'd had a wand at a vital part of her body. It wasn't even the first time someone she'd once counted as a friend had turned on her.

"What do you want?" Hermione asked her captor curiously.

"For you to resign, for you to return the wizarding governance to its proper path." Ginny snarled.

Not going to happen. Hermione thought to herself as two men, both looking annoyed at one another walked out of the crowd.

Hermione felt like she shouldn't laugh, but did, although it was more like a dark chuckle. "And cede my powers to someone like Mr Draco Malfoy, he the protector of wizarding culture as you claim to be?" Hermione asked.

The wand jabbed into her neck harder. "Yes," then she called her towards her brother. "How about it Ron, we can lead the Ministry behind the scenes."

"Ginny," Ron began in a warning tone.

Hermione reflected it was the same tone he'd used during their meetings as they'd begun their divorce.

"You really think I'd want to be Minister Ms Weasley?" Draco drawled. "Playing politics is hardly something I wish to engage in."

The wand became a bit looser, though still close enough for her to

suffer quite extensively were she to make a dive for it now.

"Ginny, I like where I've been stationed." Ron was trying as he approached from one side, trying to place himself between Ginny and the lake.

"What, no! Youâ€|you were taken away from Britain, away from your family and friends, sent off to the rubbish end of Britain, hidden away. Like she's trying to do to our culture." Ginny breathed on her neck.

Lovely, the Orkney Islanders will definitely hate that description. Hermione was thinking to herself all the while wrinkling her nose at the smell of Ginny's clothes and breath. It was only via this thought she realised the smell of breath was gillyweed.

Hermione was sure she'd read a research paper on long term gillyweed use on the body.

"Wizards culture will change Ms Weasley, otherwise we end up with Voldemort, the war was something I didn't want to participate in. Are you trying to begin another?" Draco was asking.

Hermione raised an eyebrow at him, he wasn't really helping calm down the psychotic witch holding her.

"Ginny, why can't we talk about this, I'm your brother, the only one you used to talk about this. Come on, please, you didn't even owl me." Ron was approaching slowly, Hermione could just about see him in her peripheral vision.

"Iâ€|Iâ€|Ron, you've seen what she and the others have been doing, manipulating, changing our world. 15 years Ron, 15 years and the world isn't like when we grew up," Ginny was saying in gasps.

"I know, come on, tell me about it Gin." Ron was slowly approaching more, Hermione could hear his feet squelching on the lake's edge.

She also felt Ginny's grip on her loosen, just enough for her to drive her elbow back into her stomach and leap forward.

She felt, rather than saw the spells fire out from Hit Wizards taking down Ginny Weasley. Then she felt a hand on hers helping her up.

Accepting it she wrapped herself around the blond man standing firm and tall; kissing him. "I'm glad you were here."

"Will you still be glad when you remember that the diplomats, guests and press are also here watching you embrace me?" He asked with a mixture of emotions in his voice.

"Or my ex-husband?" She asked with an amused whisper.

"He's helping his sister," he whispered as she stepped back. "And he's shocked."

Hermione smirked at him. "And I so wanted to see his expression when he found out."

"Minister. Your wand." Peregrine was suddenly beside them.

Hermione quickly cast a drying and cleaning spell over her robes and looked up at the collected people. "Have you found anyone else?"

"My Aurors are about to take gillyweed to investigate, once we've secured the perimeter of the lake. And Ms Weasley." Peregrine reported.

"Make sure she's taken to St Mungo's, under heavy guard," Hermione ordered.

"Understood Minister," Peregrine said.

"Peregrine, this is a woman mentally disturbed, any threats to me or the Ministry come second to that, anyone else located needs to be assessed mentally," Hermione ordered.

Peregrine nodded.

-/

The decision to have a Quidditch game just seemed to happen, with ex-Hogwarts students and diplomats forming together and meeting out on the pitch. She'd flipped the knut to decide which side went first and then climbed the stands to watch.

"If someone had told me, back all those years that I would be sitting in the Slytherin box in the arms of Draco Malfoy watching my ex-husband play against Viktor Krum—" Hermione began and chuckled. "I think I would ask what scheme I was playing at and who had drunk the Polyjuice Potion."

The man whose arms were wrapped around her laughed. "I'm going to announce that I'm stepping down from my position of advocacy," he paused. "Conflict of interest."

Hermione sat up, twisting slightly so she could lean against the side of the box. There wasn't anyone else here with them. "Draco, you don't have to," she paused. "There's still time to modify everyone's memories," she toyed playfully with a smirk.

Draco laughed again. "No, seeing her attack you and speaking to some former associates, there's a few things I've been curious about. 'Not befitting a Malfoy' my father once said. Vanishing cabinets and the like."

"It's almost a lost art, it's one of many things on Susan's education to do list." Hermione pondered and looked at him seriously. "Are you alright Draco, my open display of affection was rather—"

"Open?" Draco asked in an amused tone.

Hermione nodded. "Yes," she conceded.

"No matter. I got to see your ex's surprise and shock, that will keep me amused for a long time." Draco chuckled.

"He seems to be flying out his frustration," Hermione observed. "No

desire to join them?"

"My broom flying days are far behind me Hermione, only with my son have I ever returned to flying a broom," he added.

Hermione chuckled. "No doubt the information of us embracing will have reached our children."

"No doubt." Draco agreed. "Something for tomorrow to worry about."

Hermione nodded. "Yes. Tomorrow and the future."

â€"/ â€" \\\-

\_A/N:\_

\_I quite enjoyed writing this, and writing romance between Hermione and Draco.\_

\_I hope through the glimpses into the universe seen through this story it's revealed that Harry, Hermione and Ron had a somewhat worse time of things during the war, which informed what happened after the war.\_

\_I didn't want to go too in depth into the murder investigation in the Orkneys, as Minister Hermione wouldn't be involved really deeply. But I wanted to show a glimpse into how Hermione as Minister for Magic does things. \_

\_At the end with Ginny I wanted to bring Ron and Draco together for Hermione, and that seemed plausible.\_

\_Thanks for reading. \_

End  
file.